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A WOMAN'S HEART AND OTHER POEMS

BY HUGO HIRSH

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A WOMAN'S HEART

AND OTHER POEMS

By

HUGO HIRSH

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To
My Beloved Wife
Emma S. Hirsh
My Inspiration and My Blessing
H. H.

FOREWORD

As this book is intended only for presentation to relatives and friends I need no excuse for "perpetrating it upon a long-suffering and inoffensive public." Most of these rhymes were published in magazines and newspapers and it has been suggested that I bundle them together and have them made into book form. This is it.

H. H.

A PORTRAIT

A sweeter face than that of any saint,
The eyes so sad they speak of their complaint,
The lips of perfect mold, yet fev'rish red,
The hair a halo-like about the head,
A smile that came indeed from heart of grace
Illumining the purest, dearest face;
And when she speaks her voice rings music sweet
Like angel bells around the Mercy Seat,
But—after all she is not quite a saint.
The reason of it is of her complaint,
Though it is heaven born and is divine,
Yet it is human too and it is mine.
This sweetest saintly maiden treasure trove,
This pure and holy maiden is in love.

A PICTURE IN A LOCKET

Sometime when I am very old
And nearly all of life is told,
You'll look upon this face and say:
"That was indeed a happy day
When this was taken."

Perhaps you'll kiss it then and smile,
And I will angry grow the while,
Because your kiss should come to me
And not on some poor effigy
That never can awaken.

But I'll forgive you then as now
If you'll but kiss me on the brow,
And say your love has grown "So So"
E'en since we were at Buffalo,
So many years ago.

So, darling mine, here's to the face;
May it to you ne'er fall from grace;
May you in gazing at it say:
"I love him better, best each day,
I love, I love him so."

A PRAYER

When you are ill I feel that great unrest
Which comes from Sorrow felt, from Grief repressed.
The world itself seems but a hollow place
When you are ill and I can't see your face.
The sun shines not for me, its rays seem spent
On idlers, laggards and improvident.
And thus the day drags wearily toward night
Which brings fantastic pictures to my sight.
They are not dreams, but creatures of my brain,
Unearthly, weird, which come and go again.
Thus do I toss and long for break of day.
Then rising from my bed I kneel and pray
(Yes, I, the dreamer — I do bend the knee,
Not for myself, indeed, but do for thee):
"O God, all powerful below — above,
Sweep with Thy hand away from her I love
The illness which confines her to her bed,
And if someone must suffer that instead,
As Thou in Thy great wisdom dost ordain,
Then give to me her illness and her pain,
I'll bear it glad and uncomplainingly
If Thou wilt but restore her well to me."

A MEMORY

Don't you notice, dearest, sweetest,
That the world looks differently,
That the birds which sang so often
Now do sing more frequently.

That the sun with rays effulgent
Had a way of shining bright,
Which to-day are so resplendent
That 'tis hard to bear the light.

That the grass is greener, brighter,
That the air is much more pure,
That the heat of daily labor
Is much easier to endure.

That we have a kinder feeling
For the poor and those in need,
That we feel a love in giving,
Coupling with it a "God's Speed."

That the earth, the world entire,
Bears indeed a rosy hue,
Since that ne'er forgotten visit
Which brought me so near to you.

WOMAN'S AWAKENING

For centuries the vassal of the man,
His toy, his plaything — challenge it who can:
For centuries deprived of her own wealth,
Robbed, plundered, in the open or by stealth,
The creature of His Lordship Man — his pet,
Provided she just fitted in his set.
He bartered her for jewels, clothing, gold,
At times for her his reputation sold.
No sacrifice in money held him back
But once his own he gave her quick "the sack".
For centuries the slave to man — the turk;
Her only remedy from chains — the dirk.
For centuries was claimed she was but fit
To grace the harem with her form and wit.
For centuries man's passions and his will
Held her in glittering chains and would so still.
Her progeny torn from its mother breast
Were not for her but at the man's behest.

And so the years went by and every day
Caused some new thought to filter in her way.
And as the years went by her dreams grew strong
On measures bold and bright to right her wrong.
And as the years went by and in her dreams
She found that she could mold men to her schemes.

Then she awakened and her opened eyes
Strayed to the land of dreams beyond the skies;
With will and work and wondrous courage too
At last she made her dream of dreams come true.
No longer now the vassal or the slave,
With head erect she walks along the pave.
No longer now the plaything of the man,
She is his equal — challenge it who can.
No longer now in leading-strings she's led,
But at man's side, she measures tread with tread.
No longer now man's shackles bear her down.
She owns herself and wears the victor's crown.
And still she dreams — Ah, may this soon come true —
That with her will and work and courage too,
All wars will cease and men will brothers be,
And women sisters, and the world be free.

NOT ONE THING OLD

Well, Minthy, dear, I've just got back from seeing John
in town,
And I'll be durned but it beats all how scrumtious he
has grown:
The house he lives in is so big 't 'most reaches to the sky
And while the're stairs that one can walk, the're other
things that fly.
I just went in what's like a cage, a man asked me "what
floor?"
I said "I want to see John Tomes" and "Whiff!" there
was his door.
The place was dark, I saw no bell, so pounded on the wall
When out there came a gal who said "You mustn't
pound at all",
"But how will I get in?" says I, says she "Whom for to
see?"
"My brother John, of course," says I, "John Tomes who
sent for me."
The gal then opened wide the door and asked me to
walk in,
And then I saw upon her face a something like a grin.
To see the finery in them rooms would make your hair
stand straight;
Of lamps alone with hoop-skirts on, I really counted eight,
And pictures covered up the walls and strings of beads
made doors,

And carpets, rugs and skins with heads, just covered up
the floors.
With looking glasses here and there and plants and
flow'rs and sich,
I just made up my mind, dear wife, that John is very rich.
But what did flabbergast me like — I said so too, quite
bold —
Was that 'mong all that finery there was not one thing
old.
Not one thing, Minthy; why just see that sofy standing
there,
It must be old a hundred years, and covered with horse
hair,
Each one of which a yarn can spin of dear old mam and
dad;
Comparing that with John's gold chairs makes me, I
swow, quite mad.
Gold chairs, I say, with spindle legs — I nigh was 'fraid
to sit,
And then they creaked and groaned when I would stretch
my legs a bit.
With all the new things round me, dear, I felt indeed so
queer,
That it just made my speerits sink and feel quite blue,
my dear.
And then I felt the worst of all when brother John came in
For he looked so all-fired new and polished up like tin,

That I just couldn't give my mind to anything he said,
Except I understood from him in some way he'd been bled,
He talked 'bout stocks and bonds and margins, bulls and bears,
And I kept thinkin' right along of them there golden chairs.
And then he wanted money but I kept on getting cold,
A thinking as I looked around there wasn't one thing old.
And as I started for to go John looked at me and laughed,
I guess he ruther thought, dear wife, that sartin I'd gone daft;
And guess I did for that there house with all its fuss and gold,
And spick and span things new and bright and not a one thing old,
Did send the shivers thro' me so I guess I looked the fool,
But there—I shouldn't judge poor John by my poor meagre rule.
I reckon he needs money and I'll let him have it, wife,
For he's my elder brother and 'tween us I want no strife,
And while all things in John's big house are new, as I have told,
I know at least this, Minthy dear, that John himself is old.

WRECKAGE

How the ghosts of youthful follies
Come to flay in later years;
How the jests of early manhood
Bring us now most bitter tears.

How our early indiscretions
Then but trifles—lightly done—
Come to plague us now and haunt us,
In a mass, and one by one.

How our careless words and speeches
Uttered into parent's ears,
Ring now in our own with clangings
Which bring with them nameless fears.

How our reckless, ruthless actions
Called the "sowing of wild oats",
Have in manhood's years brought music
That can not be set to notes.

Here and there we find the wreckage
Caused by youth's fierce winds and storms,
Few the rocks we did not strike on;
And our guide bore many forms.

Oh, those years now gone forever—
Precious, happy, youthful years,
Misspent years—we see their ruins,
And they cause us bitter tears.

"WE ONLY PART FOR SERVICE"

As the class at West Point of the year '53
Were looking the field over fair, wide, and free,
For a motto appropriate, pithy, and wise,
They lighted on this as it came from the skies;
Which for meaning and sense, not for then but all time,
Will ne'er be surpassed in prose or in rhyme.

Then the emblem they made for this motto so great
Was as pointed, emphatic as they could create.
'Twas a shell as it left a big mortar to fly
To the enemies' camp — in the service to die.
Both together, the mortar and shell formed a whole
As compact and complete as a body and soul.

The shell in the mortar formed a unit so true,
That no small, common act could this union undo;
But when the time came, as it comes to us all,
That a service is needed and loud is the call,
Then the shell from the mortar springs up thro' the air
The service to render, and to do and to dare.

What a motto this is for us all in this life!
In the worry and toil, in the struggle and strife
For fame, reputation, and ambition and pelf,
How seldom it happens that we sacrifice self.
When we part from our friends we too oft part to swerve
From the friend we so love and ourselves but to serve.

This motto will teach us, if we take it to heart,
That of this little earth we should form a true part.
That's to serve one another — in union to blend,
So the husband to wife, and the friend to the friend;
The parents to children, and the child in return —
In every relation to these words let them turn.

Then at last when it comes, as it must, that we die,
And we go to that land from which cometh no sigh,
The service we rendered, of which few were aware,
Will, perhaps, when we need it, speak loud for us there.
So let us keep this short motto e'er in reserve,
That in parting from friends we should part but to serve.

A WOMAN'S HEART

Like the world with its sun, moon and stars;
Like a prison with bolts, locks and bars;
Like the ocean unbounding;
Like a whirlwind resounding;
Like a veteran covered with scars;

Like a flower with a number of stems;
Like a casket for jewels and gems;
Like a harp softly stringing;
Like a lark gayly singing;
Like a kerchief unguarded by hems;

Like the earth with its countries and climes;
Like a bank with its dollars and dimes;
Like a poem, as metric;
Like the current electric;
Like a church steeple ringing sweet chimes;

Like a house with apartments to let;
Like a mine which a fortune will net;
Like the north wind in sighing;
Like the Devil in lying;
Like a child with its wailing and fret;

Like the summer with flowers in bloom;
Like the winter with darkness and gloom;
Like a pawnbroker lending;
Like an oak tree unbending;
Like a daintily well-furnished room.

Like a desk with its small secret slide;
Like a paper with "patent inside";
Like a hound that's devoted;
Like a paper boat floated
On the breast of the outflowing tide;

Like a horse-car with "room for one more";
Like a tigress that's thirsting for gore;
Like a two-seated carriage;
Like the love *after* marriage;
Like a book full of learning and lore,—

Like all these — yet of all but a part —
Like all these: yet what consummate art
Has been used in creating
And in rounding, inflating
That small part of queen woman — her heart.

IN MEMORY OF DR. ALEXANDER J. C. SKENE

Like a giant oak he towered;
With a Samson's strength empowered;
    Yet a baby's dimpled hand could guide his way.
Like a very god in healing;
Like a mother's love in feeling;
    Like the glorious sunshine making bright the day.

Like the king of beasts — majestic;
Like the housewife good — domestic;
    Like the Master's gentleness, and without guile,
As inspired in his teaching;
Always firm but never preaching;
    All his "boys" pleased when rewarded with his smile.

To his friends a Rock of Ages;
With his heart like open pages
    Of a charming well-thumbed book that all could read.
To his patients ne'er the actor,
But to each the benefactor,
    Giving broadcast not regarding rank or creed.

Such the man who now is sleeping
With his soul in God's own keeping,
    Taking what he never knew in life — a rest.

Full of honors, life work finished,
With no faculty diminished,
    Numbered now among the heroes and the blessed.

THE ABANDONED FARM

Dank with moss, by weeds o'ergrown,
By some forgot, by some unknown,
    It stands a somber relic of the past;
With doors agape, and shutters blown
By winds that cause a creak and moan
    As if some disembodied spirit passed.

No love of life, no life of love,
Which speaks of earth or things above,
    Now finds a lodgement here, of which instead
There comes a soughing of the breeze,
Through mournful, waving willow trees,
    As if they droned a requiem of the dead.

THE HEART OF A MAN

Like a large, sturdy oak, strong and great;
Like the fearful and hard hand of fate;
    Like the Lorelei singing;
    Like a bird swiftly winging;
Like that fell, cruel demon called Hate.

Like the flow'r of the field, plucked with ease;
Like a spoilt, wayward child, hard to please;
    Like a ship on the ocean,
    Each wave and each motion
Brings to others a racking disease.

Like a tiger when hunting for prey;
Like kittens, full of frolic and play;
    Like a swift-rolling river;
    Like a bounteous giver;
Like a dog-hunted stag brought to bay.

Like a fifty-roomed house full of girls;
Like a spinster with simper and curls;
    Like a tub full of water;
    Like a lamb led to slaughter;
Like a brilliant surrounded by pearls.

Like a race horse that's speeding to win;
Like a coin made like silver of tin;
Like a torch flaming brightly;
Like a cancer unsightly;
Like a sepulchre, rotten within.

Like a dough which a housewife has made
To be rolled, pressed and baked by a maid;
Like the old Rock of Ages;
Like a book's many pages;
Like a highwayman out on a raid.

Like a book-case with books kept for show;
Like some clocks always running too slow;
Like a wonderful cavern;
Like an old-fashioned tavern;
Like some men who can never say "No."

Let those fathom this subject who can;
For 'tis known since the world first began,
It has puzzled creation,
And has caused speculation
As to *what* was the heart of a man.

MY OWN, MY LOVE, MY LIFE

My Own,
It is possession that we lords demand,
So in the hollow of my toiling hand
I hold you, dearest one, and know
That you indeed, my own, would have it so.

My Love,
I looked into your eyes and knew my fate,
My heart leaped strong within me to its mate;
And love, strong manly love, sought to express
In words, my love, your soulful loveliness.

My Life,
I but existed ere I knew you, dear;
Since then I've lived — not knowing hate or fear.
Existence now is heav'n; it knows no strife
Since you became my own, my love, my life.

A MEMENTO*

To the days on the top of the mountain
Where Lick's glass sweeps the path in the skies,
Where the sun setting red in the valley
Brought a shower of tears to your eyes.

To the day when in charming Del Monte
When we drove thru the woods Monterey,
Then along the green crested old ocean,
Which was seething and boiling with spray.

To the day when our Felix was with us
In that Paradise-like San Rafael
When we ate and we drank 'mid the roses,
Oh, 'twas well with me then, it was well.

To the days when we viewed the Pacific
From yon Strawberry Hill and the heights
To the days when we picnicked together,
To the lunches and other delights.

To those days I inscribe this memento,
But those days are but incidents few
As compared to your care and your goodness,
To your charm and your love and to you.

* Written to Mrs. Eva Merzbach of San Francisco, California, on leaving that city.

May your days be as long as you wish them,
May your happines equal your days,
May your tears ne'er have cause for their flowing
When the sun sets on mountains or bays.

A DARK AND MELON-CHOLIC TALE

There was a little colored boy,
Whose name was Jacob Brown;
He went to school one summer's day
A little way from town.

And on his way this little boy
He came upon a patch
Where watermelons luscious grew,
And one he longed to snatch.

His longings soon grew strong upon
This little colored lad,
And as he on the melons looked
The school forgotten had.

He smacked his lips, he drew his breath,
And quickly jumped the fence;
And quicker still a melon fine
Was carried by him thence.

A tree that on the roadside stood,
Affording gracious shade,
Was used by him as banquet hall
And under it he laid.

'Tis needless now to tell how long
It took this colored lad
To masticate this melon green,
And to his plumpness add.

We only chronicle the fact
That when he was quite through,
He felt that all he had just done
He gladly would undo.

It seems the melon was unripe,
And made his stomach swell;
The pain it grew upon him too
And forced him loud to yell.

But being small, he was not heard,
And just to ease his pain,
He rolled his stomach on the ground
And rolled and rolled again.

But soon, alas, he rolled no more,
Nor uttered any cry,
For he had joined the silent mokes
In bournes beyond the sky.

At sundown on that afternoon
The little boy was found,
And then folks saw his hands were clasped
His stomach all around.

They buried then this little lad
Right underneath the tree,
And on the grave the melon rinds
Were strewn for folks to see.

MORAL

And now, you little colored lads,
Who watermelons steal,
Beware, and test each melon, ere
You make of it a meal.

For if it should so happen, that
You eat the fruit unripe,
You'll swell and die like Jacob Brown
Of watermelon gripe.

AMOS

When the summer comes appalling
And the iceman comes a-calling,
  And the birds begin their legal chirps "to-wit";
When we look at blighted flowers,
And await long-promised showers,
  And the heat and sultry weather tax our grit.
When the days are all vexations,
And the nights no recreations,
  And we suffer and perspire without rest;
Then it is that we surrender,
For then, Amos, on a bender
    Seeks his victim and presents his bill with zest.

Chorus

O Amos, Amos, a mosquito,
When will scientists agree to
  Send you where you'll never trouble any more!
Where your sting will be extracted,
And your song will be contracted,
  And you'll surely study Hell-enistic lore.

When we seek well-earned vacations
And a change from winter rations,
  And have looked thro' all the ads for just the spot;
And at length our search has ended
By deciding what's commended
  By descriptions and by terms without a blot;

And the day at last arriving
When by dint of rail and driving
We arrive in a condition rather frayed;
Soon we note the "skeeter" netting
And we lose no time in betting
That our quondam friend dear Amos there has strayed.

Chorus the same

When returning to the City
Full of canned stuff, old and gritty,
And again take up our toil where we left off,
And we figure up the gaining,
While our pocket-books were draining,
And at country places we just sneer and scoff;
When we wail at disappointment,
And still rub some spots with ointment,
Where that country skeeter gored us while we slept;
Yet we reconcile our feelings
When we know his ruby stealings
Were by singing Amos-quito never kept.

Chorus

A GERM

A scarlet fever germ lay snug
Within the confines of a rug.
Oh me! Oh my!
Like any other beast of prey,
Since Sue the fever had, it lay.
Oh me! Oh my!
None knew its secret hiding place
None knew when it did set the pace
To bring disaster on our race,
Oh me, Oh my, Oh me, Oh my, Oh me.

Now Susie had a sister Mame,
And Mame a beaux had — George by name.
Oh me! Oh my!
One Sunday night George called on Mame
And waited for the saucy dame.
Oh me! Oh my!
While waiting so impatiently
His feet the rug tapped nervously,
And thus he set the germlet free.
Oh me, Oh my, Oh me, Oh my, Oh me.

The germ soon settled inside George,
And in his blood it seemed to gorge,
Oh me! Oh my!

The fever then soon tackled him,
For weeks in bed it shackled him.
Oh me! Oh my!
And while so sick his Mame went wrong
And straightway married butcher Strong;
She wouldn't wait for George so long.
Oh me, Oh my, Oh me, Oh my, Oh me.

When George got from his fever bed,
And found his Mamie Strong had wed,
Oh me! Oh my!
He did not moan, he did not cry,
He did not suicide or die,
Oh me! Oh my!
He simply smiled as with the thought—
Of one who well a battle fought—
"Oh what a bird that Strong has caught."
Oh me, Oh my, Oh me, Oh my, Oh me.

SUI GENERIS!

A great artist, renowned for his talent,
Determined one day to portray
In all splendor and glory and antics,
A street arab as seen every day.
He just wanted to picture a gamin
As is found—say at Printing House Square,
Rather dirty and ragged, yet keen-eyed,
Of the kind that he thought was not rare.

So his mind had presented the picture,
But to paint it he wanted the boy.
And in strolling in search of his subject
His heart beat already with joy,
As he thought of the pleasure of painting
A model so new to his "den";
Of the sayings so droll—perhaps vulgar!—
Which would flow from the boy even then.

As he neared the bronze statue of Franklin
His grey eyes fairly kindled with glee,
For right there, leaning up 'gainst the railing,
Was the boy whom he wanted to see.
He was hatless and shoeless and dirty,
On his foot through the dirt shone a scar,
While his clothes were with patches resplendent,
And his lips pressed a stump of cigar.

It is needless to mention the offers
Which our artist friend made to the youth,
Nor the answers the "arab" gave to him,
Some of which were far from the truth.
'Twas arranged after quite some explaining
That the boy was to come the next day.
So the the artist went onward rejoicing,
The boy saying he "was onto his lay."

* * * * * * *

Now the hour agreed on was nearing,
And the artist, though used to repose,
Became nervous and full of excitement,
Thinking little of "background" or "pose".
"Would he come?" was the question within him,
"Would his teeth clutch that stump of cigar?"
He ne'er doubted the boy would obey him
When he said *"You must come as you are."*

But his thoughts were soon banished abruptly
By his studio door opening wide,
And in came a clean boy, face agrinning,
Saying, "Say, guv'nor, I almost had died
With the scrubbin' and cleanin' Mam give me
So as I be all right to come here,
I'd to borrow me brudder's good clothing
And hat too, so I wouldn't look queer."

We can guess the effect on the artist
Made by the looks and the speech of the boy;
In his heart there was keen disappointment
Displacing those visions of joy.
That was all. But the picture the artist
Had set his heart on to portray,
Was gone with the dirt and the "scrubbin'",
And the boy — well, he wanted his pay.

REST FOR THE WEARY

I want to be a bird-man and with the bird-men fly,
I want to go up in the air and to the clouds come nigh,
I want to flee from this old earth to some high mountain
crest,
Where skeeters cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.

I'm so glad aviation came when skeeters are so thick,
Because to get away from them is easy and so quick,
You get upon a monoplane, it takes you to the nest,
Where skeeters cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.

I cannot sleep on this old earth for restlessness and sich;
For skeeters do bite awful hard and cause a nasty itch;
So, Mister Manbird, take me (I put you to the test)
Where skeeters cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.

I cannot buy a monoplane, a bi-plane is too high,
They ask so much for one I'd rather buy a tie.
So when I die the place in which I then will be a guest
There skeeters cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.

THE FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON

It was close to the "season's" beginning
And "Our Boys" in the store sat around,
And talked about "fielders" and "inning",
And the job of preparing the "ground",
When Lester the kid and buttinski
Said, "Say, boys, we are one player short",
Whereupon all the boys — e'en Koinski —
Replied "Well, we must get the right sort."

So they talked and they canvassed — disputed
The merits of each boy they knew,
For a moment they all were deputed
To bring in a respectable few;
But this talk had to give way to reason,
And jesting gave way to a frown,
They were close to the "Ope" of the season,
And there was but one new boy in town.

But Lester the kid and buttinski,
With a flourish of language quite grand,
Shied his castor at laughing Koinski,
And onto the floor took a stand;
Then he stated in language specific
That he knew the new boy in their town,
As a batter and fielder terrific,
And in running and yelling no clown.

"If you'll keep your shirts on for a minute,
I will bring Romey Stiles to this place,
You can then for yourselves see what's in it,
And say what you please to his face.
You will find him as tough as a saddle,
He can yell so you'd hear him a mile,
He is fat and then some, but what of it!
And he has just a peach of a smile."

He then ran from the store, and soon after
Returned with a boy big and fat,
He was greeted with roarings of laughter,
And with sounds as a ball strikes a bat.
They looked him all over and under,
They turned him some this way. some that,
They said that it would be no blunder,
To give him a chance at the bat.

The next day they gave Romey his chances,
And he batted the ball everywhere,
And the boys, by their shouts and their glances,
Gave proof that they liked him for fair.
They cheered him with Indian yellings,
And he answered in kind with a whoop
That 'most took off the roof from the dwellings,
And frightened the hens from the coop.

Filled up was that week with preparing
For the game with the boys from Podunk;
With "Our Boys" they had never been sparing,
And now "Our Boys" knew they'd get hunk.
The day and Podunk came in grinning,
They were given the first at the bat,
They made fifteen home runs in that inning,
And were ready for more runs at that.

But "Our Boys" were not feazed by this showing,
They knew they could do better than that,
They really made no runs but were glowing,
For big Romey to come to the bat.
When he came there were boys at all bases,
And as the ball came over the plate
A huge grin illumined their faces,
They'd get hunk with "Podunk" on this date.

When he did strike the ball they were yelling,
For the force seemed to take it a mile,
And his heart with great pride was a-swelling,
And he started to run with a smile.
But he lumbered along like an ice-wagon,
Like a ton of hard coal was his pace,
And they hooted and called him a dragon,
As he tried hard to reach the first base.

And the sweat just poured down from his forehead,
As the boys shouted "Run, Romey, run",
And the sweat poured some more as a sorehead
Shrieked "Run, Romey, you son of a gun."
And the boys all ran from their bases,
Believing the ball still in the air,
But before they got back to their places,
Poor fat Romey was struck out for fair.

Since that time they use Romey as yeller,
And his voice like a megaphone sounds,
But as player he goes in the cellar,
For he carries too many fat pounds.
And the boys of Podunk are still laughing,
As they chatter of Romey's base run,
And at times when they're talking and chaffing,
Shout "Run, Romey, you son of a gun."

PER STEAM

If you want exhilaration
When you go for a vacation,
If you want of heav'n a gleam,
Go as I do — go per steam.
What is more exhilarating
Than the rapturous pulsating
Of the breathing, steaming heat,
Going faster with each beat!
Hear the click-clack, click-clack, click-clack,
As the wheels turn on the up-track,
Moving slowly out the station.
Do you now feel no elation
As the speed increases fast
And the landscape rushes past?
This, of course, is Fast Express,
For we travel on no less.
Watch it in its outward speeding,
Nothing caring, nothing heeding;
Onward, forward, faster, faster
Like a thing without a master;
Like ten thousand spirits flying;
Like ten thousand women sighing;
Like the rolling roar of thunder;
Like an earthquake swaying yonder;
Like the breeze when softly dying;

Like the ocean, all-defying;
Like the sunshine; like a shower;
Like a mighty, monstrous power;
Like a bull in snort and bellow
(Oft enough to scare a fellow);
Like ten thousand snakes in hisses;
Like ten thousand noisy misses.
What a clamor and a clatter,
Like ten thousand maids in chatter;
What a roaring and a rushing,
Like Niagara down gushing.
Speed will never make one sour;
Fifty, forty miles an hour
Is a truly heav'nly speed
That exhilarates indeed.
To a station it draws nigh;
With a screech we pass it by.
Now a country road draws near,
Brings a screech which rends the ear.
See, a cow is on the track—
Will the engineer now slack?
Not at all—he must make time;
Killing cows is not a crime.
But the cow is out of reach,
Warned by just another screech.
See the village on our right,
With its steeple shining bright;

Ere you could but turn your head
We had passed and onward sped.
Whizzing, whirling, hissing, speeding —
Who can pass their time in reading,
As the train thus discounts distance,
Without aught to show resistance?
Who can be asleep or dreaming,
As we thus go onward screaming,
Whisking, urging, buzzing, splashing,
Moving, urging, pressing, flashing,
Spinning, fleeting, flying, racing,
Coursing, fleeing, dashing, chasing;
Ah, with what an animation
We begin thus our vacation!
Now we reach a bridge of iron;
Oh, for pen and skill of Byron,
To depict the charming pictures
(Leaving out, of course, the strictures
On the soot and smoke and ashes
Which the wind through window dashes)
Which we see spread out before us!
But — there comes a sound sonorous
From a portly, sleeping neighbor,
Who, now resting from his labor,
Dreams, no doubt, about his "ism"
While his snore keeps up a rhythm
With the click-clack, click-clack, click-clack,

Of the train now on a side-track,
Crawling slow into the station.
If you want exhilaration,
If you want of heav'n a gleam,
Go as I do — go per steam.

THE GAME OF GAMES

When your work is really over,
And you want to run to cover,
Or away from some old lover,
And you feel that rest and change is what you need;
And the mountains seem alluring,
And the seashore reassuring,
And long travel life insuring,
And you feel unless you go you'll run to seed.

When you look the papers over,
And your eyes o'er ads will hover,
Which suggest huge fields of clover,
And you dream about vacations which delight;
When your boss at last consenting,
And your "women folks" relenting,
And no lack of means preventing,
And you want to pick the place that must be right.

Then take my advice: Go golfing,
And look not upon the offing,
And all other sports be scoffing,
And learn to send the sphere from tee to cup.
With the mashie and with brassie
(And please don't forget a lassie),
And with caddy sometimes "sassy",
You'll soon find that's the game will build you up.

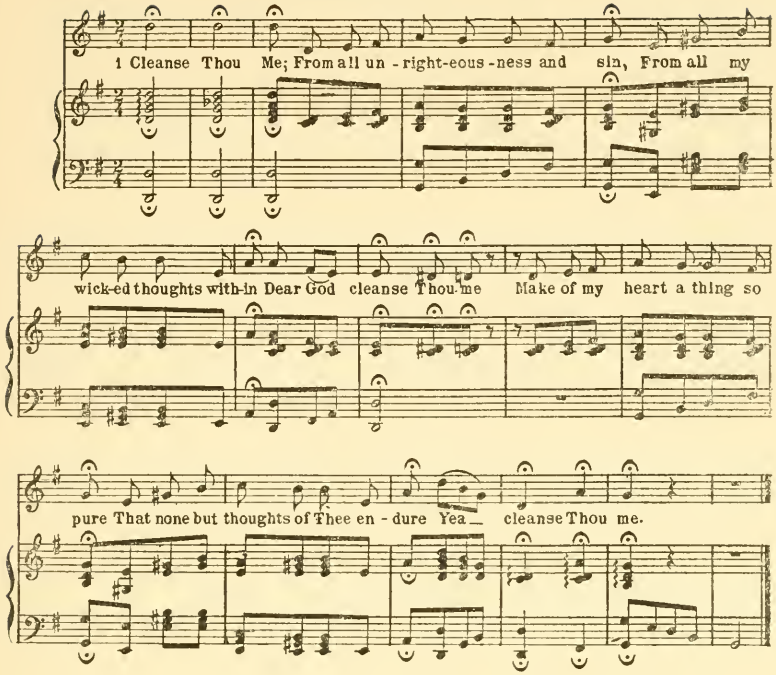
And don't mind your friends if funning,
They say that you should go a-gunning
To incite the "pill" to running,
For after all you've got to learn to play;
Hit and give the ball an "airing",
Ease your nerves at caddy swearing,
Practice often, never caring,
Are all a part for which you're asked to pay.

With niblick, cleek and other sticks,
With "slicing" balls and other tricks,
With "cussing" and with other kicks,
You'll find the game a fascinating play.
With filling lungs with good fresh air.
With days and nights quite free from care,
With ne'er a thought of pain to bear,
You'll "turn in" with a smile at close of day.

WHEN DEATH COMES

When death comes near I'll meet him face to face;
He shall not see of fears or tears a trace,
    Nor shall he find a sign of joy, indeed!
    Though I have met of life's alloy my meed.
And when he calls my name I'll follow him,
No matter where the place, or bright or dim;
    Just like a soldier bows to a command
    Th' effect of which he does not understand.
So I, lifting my head up from the sod,
Will say: "Lead on! You bring me nearer God!"

CLEANSE THOU ME



2

Cleanse Thou me;
Of hatred, envy and ill-will,
Of all imaginary ill,
Oh God, cleanse thou me.
Leave not a vestige of a wrong,
Make me a being clean and strong,
Cleansed, God, by Thee.

3

Cleanse Thou me;
Dear God, let me Thy servant be
In aiding others to be free
And cleansed by Thee;
So that all sin may disappear,
Cleansed by Thy word and not by fear,
Cleansed, God, by Thee.

4

Cleanse Thou me;
And when at last I pass to Thee,
All clean and pure and error free,
Cleansed, God, by Thee,
May those I love say where I trod,
"He worked for God; he walked with God,
Cleansed, cleansed by Thee."

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